# Why the Universe Consists of Planets

*The Esoteric History of the Earth*

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The Fourth of

**The GALAHAD LECTURES**

# "Why the Universe Contains Planets"

## THE FOURTH LECTURE

ASTRONOMY informs us that off in the stupendous space that exists between Mars and Jupiter there is a bevy of heavenly bodies that are known as the Asteroids. Why and how they originated have ever been debatable items with Science. ¶ The Asteroids appear to be perfectly formed little planets, nicely balanced in regard to one another so that they do not collide, but the whole cluster of them having an orbit around our sun precisely like Mars, Earth, or Venus. The most popular theory as to the existence of the Asteroids is that they represent fragments of the primordial material that once composed twin planets each the size of our earth, that revolved about one another while at the same time the two of them kept up a yearly revolution about the sun. For some unknown reason, ages bygone these twin planets were pulled out of balance and collided with one another, causing a heavenly holocaust in our solar system and leavening a vast cluster of little orbs to keep up the journey through solar space.

The peculiar orbits of these Asteroids cast some doubt on the theory. Be that as it may, here is the point of interest for us in referring to the Asteroids for the moment—

Astronomy further informs us that whereas, viewed from the distance of our earth, the Asteroids appear to be in a cluster or unit, each one of them is truly hundreds of thousands of miles from its companions. ¶ Moreover, some of those capsule worlds are so small that a person from the planet Earth could start off from a point on the equator of one of them at seven o'clock in the morning, walk completely around

it, and be back at his starting-point by seven o'clock at night!
In other words, there are true planets whirling by themselves off in the space between Mars and Jupiter as small as nine miles in diameter—which would make them about thirty miles around their equators. A person ambling along at only three miles an hour could easily encompass one of them between sunrise and sunset.
Whether or not each of these little cameo planets has an atmosphere, a water system and vegetation like Earth—making animal or mortal life possible—we have no means of knowing. Anyhow, the point is unimportant to our present cause of reference.
If there are asteroids as small as nine miles in diameter, discernible under certain conditions through modern telescopes, it is reasonable to assume that there are some even smaller. So let us assume that we located one asteroid that was a perfectly rounded sphere of rock only one mile in diameter—a true heavenly body swinging about our sun precisely like the earth—yet with its nearest asteroid companion as far distant as our moon.
Let us suppose, to illustrate the idea we are presently to consider, that upon such one-mile asteroid there is one pond of water as big as the ordinary city reservoir from bank to bank, and a half-mile distant from it there is just one tree—one venerable live oak, growing alone as the tiny planet's only exhibit of vegetation.
Let us suppose that all the rest of our baby planet is a mere orb of smooth rock but because there are no other heavenly bodies close enough to exert a magnetic pull, whatever exists upon the surface is held there.
This baby planet turns about, similar to the movement of our earth, so that it is favored with day and night, but otherwise it is a suspended sphere of barren rock with naught to alter the monotony of its surface but one pond and one tree.
There it is, whirling about the sun century after century—a gravitational focus in Free Space for whatever comes into its vicinity.
Now let us stretch our imaginations one step further.
Let us suppose that wandering through Free Space are two immortal but bodiless spirits.
They observe this isolated capsule planet with its one pond and one tree, and pause to consider it.
Exactly how these two immortal spirits contrive to move through interplanetary space, or what form they might represent to the eye, lacking mortal bodies to enhouse them, we may—for purposes of our

exposition—ignore. But we should not ignore a distinguishable difference between them as spirits.

The elder of them seems to be possessed of a lightning-like intelligence, keen as to observation, swift in discrimination, devastatingly logical in his deductions.

His companion-spirit, sexless like himself, is far from his equal in quality of mentality. He is dull-eyed, slow of grasp, stupid and sluggish in his reactions to what he observes in the star-worlds about them.

¶ If we want modern comparisons in the physical form, we might liken the first spirit to an American business executive of the higher altruistic type, and the second spirit to a mentally-moribund Russian peasant of the times of Tolstoi.

Observing the pair from a discarnate survey-point ourselves, we might decide that the more intelligent and wiser spirit had charge of his stupid and brain-strapped companion in the capacity of mentor-guide.

¶ Anyhow, five miles away from the baby planet with its lone pond and lone tree they come to a state of rest and inspect it.

"At last we have found a heavenly body suitable to your purpose," the intelligent spirit announces to the other. "It is wholly uninhabited, it has perfect isolation, there is a pond for water and a tree for shade, likewise the tree offers materials for fuel or bodily coverings as you take unto yourself a body. Apparently we don't need to search any further."

"What happens to me now?" the second spirit asks.

"I'm going to leave you upon the surface of this asteroid. You're going to become intelligent by making your own experiments as you live your lives upon it."

The second spirit has enough understanding to appear a bit dubious.

¶ "You're going to abandon me to solitary confinement on this ball of barren rock? You couldn't be so cruel!"

"I'm not abandoning you from cruelty, I'm abandoning you through kindness. I'm giving you the chance to develop the same intelligence —through self-supervised trial and error experience upon this asteroid —that you're constantly saying you admire so much in me. You'll develop that intelligence by having no one to lean on, mentally or spiritually, but yourself, for awhile."

"But why should it be necessary?"

"By being thus isolated from all other performing spirits in the universe, you'll begin to grasp a clearer picture of yourself. Your plight will make you think about yourself. It will turn your thoughts in-

ward upon yourself, what you are and what you want to become."

"It still seems merciless!"

"But if you kept on idling aimlessly about the universe with me, you'd always be a mere spectator of Creation, your thoughts employed in wonderments at what other spirits were doing or becoming. Being isolated so, with a personal asteriod for your temporary residence, you'll only wonder about yourself, or the results you're getting with circumscribed asteroid possibilities."

"Did you gain to your intelligence by being isolated at one time upon such a lone asteroid?"

"I most certainly did! It's the Creator's method with all spirits for developing the quality of the consciousness."

"But how shall I endure the tedium of my aloneness?"

"When we get upon the surface of yonder asteroid I'll show you how to use the powers of your Thought to separate the aggressive masculine traits and faculties in your character from the conserving feminine traits and faculties. Then I'll show you how to clothe each set of traits with a body unto itself. These two bodies, in a manner of speaking, shall keep each other company. Moreover, they shall be so fashioned in their organic functions as to create other bodies, which when occupied by other wandering undeveloped spirits—or rather, half-spirits—shall be known as your Children. As these offspring increase into a sizable company, they shall all provide an interrelated companionship."

"Nevertheless, we shall all be left to a sort of solitary confinement upon this empty asteroid!"

"Perhaps so! Still, what difference does it make? The whole universe is naught but a series of such asteroids, small or great in size. Where you are has no significance. The only thing that counts is to what extent you develop your intelligence. You really live within yourself, not in some outward planetary location. Come! Let's go upon the asteroid and see how a body made of the elements can be materialized for you to live in, and used as your instrument for spiritual experimenting!"

WE have then, in this simple illustration, all the rudiments making mortality what it is.

We have asteroid, or planet, serving as the substance-stage on which the spiritual drama shall be played. We have pond and tree upon the planetary surface, identifying certain areas as being separate and distinct from other areas. We have spiritual consciousness in disembodied form selecting an orb of rock suspended in Free Space as a locality for performance—but said performance being naught but the spiritual motivation of physical substances, whether concerned with the personal body or the materials in its environment.

Here is the whole enigma of mortal exhibition reduced to simplest components.

What does it matter that the nine-mile asteroid in a larger exhibition is as big as the orb known as Earth? It is still isolation for the spirits upon it.

What does it matter that in place of one pond five-hundred feet across, there is a pond five thousand miles across and labeled an Ocean?

What does it matter, that instead of one lone oak tree there are ten million trees and a hundred million shrubs, which when segregated by the interlaps of cleared spaces become identified as forests?

What does it matter that instead of one moribund and brainstrapped "peasant" arriving on such a planet in company with a Mentor-Guide, there are Seven Thousand or two billion?

The fundamental intent of it all still holds—that it is the nature of the spiritual performance, and not the place of the performance, that furnishes the profit from the knowing of the slightest feature in any of it.

¶ The "reality" or Mortality is actually the doing of things, the committing of acts that have their origins in spiritual decidings, through the medium of material instruments and organisms.

Thus reduced to fundamentals, there is no basic philosophical difference between lighting a cigarette and firing a galaxy. An act is an act!

¶ The quantities of materials involved in consummation of the act never alter the premise of the spirit-maneuvering. And the essence of all spirit-maneuvering, in any location within the celestial universe and in any act, from spanking a refractory young one to overturning a dynasty, is to develop the never-ceasing expansion of the individual consciousness to progressive realizations that the individual is but an omnipotent Field of Force which can complete any action that spirit can conceive.

If any of us here and now wanted to entertain a truly new idea, and do some thinking that could really be termed original, it would consist of this seeming paradox—

That volatile, self-motivating human spirits exist for a cosmic interval in the forms of physical men and women, and go through all their frictional displays of character one toward the other, to prove to themselves in the Ultimate that they have by no means been mere men and women, but Fields of Force, capable of registering their eccentricities on every last iota of energy in the universe.

To put the matter in another way, each one of us is but a personalized unit of omnipotent cosmic energy, and the things that we do and the lives that we live are but exhibits of the degree to which we have grasped this fact and motivated the organic performings of spirit accordingly.

To say to ourselves, each one of us, "I am not a Man," or "I am not a Woman," but "I am a Field of Force that at present, for reasons of its own, is exhibiting in a physical organism in order to get its educative quota of trial-and-error experimentings in this peculiar asteroid isolation," is to throw a different light upon all mortal quandaries.

To begin thinking of ourselves as something apart from our bodily limitations is the first step in performing spiritually

Moreover, it is the first step toward grasping life's seeming complications for what they are: Machinations of Cosmos for making us more acutely aware of ourselves as omnipotent energy units merely enhoused in flesh to gain evaluations of ourselves in perspective.

Apparently we go on and on, expanding the potentialities of these Fields of Force that are ourselves, indefinitely.

The mortal octave, in which a particular Field of Force is employed at motivating a physical body upon an asteroid that is isolated from all the other heavenly bodies, cannot be the only sequence of exercise which this Force gets, for the simple and yet profound reason that its educative experiences have a limit.

To say that this Force extinguishes merely because it exhausts all the opportunities for performing afforded by an octave, is to contradict the essence of the whole education.

Strictly speaking, there actually is an end to educative Thinking and Profiting in this asteroid octave! When a human being reaches that point in his earthly experiencing where no situation which he may encounter or participate in, can add to his concreted wisdom or perspicacity, and life on life is but a tiresome repetition of lessons

which he already knows by heart, he may begin to disintegrate temperamentally from the sheer boredom of profitless duplications of effort.

A Field of Force, in other words, must continually exercise itself in some form that is knowable or it ceases to exist as a Field of Force.

When a human being arrives at that state of consciousness, or cosmic perception, wherein the sizes or numbers of things no longer awe him but annoy him, and he perceives no difference between having his name carved on a monument for future generations of nitwits to gape at, and having it carved on a stone that five minutes later is tossed in a chasm, he is reaching the end of whatever increments the asteroid isolation possesses to confer on him.

To promise him—as modern theology so frequently does—that his escape from this insufferable condition is to transfer to a bigger or more beauteous asteroid where spiritual conditions are more harmonious—meaning that they demand less personal energy expended to live—only promises a still greater boredom.

Because he is promised a lesser energy-expenditure whereby to live, his wisdom tells him that he is being promised a lesser exercise for his Field of Force, therefore he is being invited into a greater display of self-extinguishment.

What the True Wise Man—who has come to the end of all possible profits from the asteroid octave—really wants, is an opportunity to exercise himself as a Field of Force in a manner that does not forever keep him objective in his relationship to Things.

He wants to have done with objective Things—which after all, he has found to be all alike excepting for differences in bulk and pattern.

When he has learned every lesson that Things of bulk and pattern have to impart to him, he is then ready for exercisings of Consciousness that are more concerned with projecting Things—that is, designing and creating Things as an octave of experience in and of itself—than in observing Things or being the reactive victim of their properties.

ARRIVING at this status of Consciousness in regard to Things, such a Wise Man is, of course, both willing and eager to depart permanently an octave where any identification of his particular Field of Force is dependent in any way upon his physical enhousements.

That, however, is quite another treatise. What a later generation of philosophers will come to recognize and preach, is that Man as both theology and biology know him is but a temporary freak of spirit manifestation, that the Field of Force that is labeled Man —when it physically incarnates and isolates itself upon an asteroid— is but exercising one of its many ways of employing itself for the discovery of its fecundities, and that the asteroid octave or three-dimensional world of Things is but a primary experimentation of that Force.

Grasp this Idea actually, and life holds few rigors!

An asteroid or a planet, any type of heavenly body anywhere in the universe, is merely a gigantic billiard ball suspended like Mohammed's Coffin in interstellar space. It cannot fall because there is nowhere for it to fall. It can collide with other planets as their mutual magnetism draws them together, but the distances between them are so gigantic that it very rarely happens.

An illustration often employed in these Scripts conveys a faint idea of what those distances are. If you designate an orange to represent the sun, then the earth would be represented by a pea forty feet away. The nearest star to such sun would be another orange, two miles distant!

¶ Here then, rotating in free space—which is a way of designating limitless emptiness—are tens of thousands of such planet billard-balls, from forty feet to two miles distant from each other in our analogy.

¶ Viewed from an abstract point off in space—granted they could be seen—they would be but a cluster of such balls rotating everlastingly in eternal void.

Looking at them, you could say: "So!—that assembly of little balls is all that there is to the universe! Actually it cannot even be located, because outside of it there is nothing but incomprehensible emptiness."

¶ It is a queer thought to think: that being unable to locate our universe because there is nothing in eternal emptiness to locate it BY, we truly do not know where it is—and that therefore, in a manner of speaking, it is actually nowhere!

As we draw closer to the cluster of planet billiard-balls, and even more

in among them, we can locate the position of one ball from the other. Furthermore, we discover ourselves surrounded by so many of them that our brains cannot grasp them and we begin to grow confused. ¶ Fundamentally however, that is all the universe is: a cluster of suspended billiard-balls—and among them, or on them, Conscious Life operates.

THESE planet billiard-balls are not composed of ivory, of course, but of different kinds of metal and stone. As to metal, iron predominates. As to stone, the greater content of the planets seems to be common granite. Barring the fact that they are made of fused iron and granite, however, and that they seem to be enormous of size only because we are accustomed to think of our bodies as so small in comparison with them, they are still nothing but little spheres with smooth surfaces, each one surrounded by a little puff of steam which is a watery atmosphere.

Changes in the temperatures of these atmospheres due to the radiating heat of suns, produce winds. These winds erode the smooth iron-granite surfaces of these billiard-balls and powderize them. This powderized iron and granite falls back or comes to rest upon the surface of the balls when the winds have produced it and is identified as soil. In this soil, vegetation sprouts and trims the barren surface of each ball—so that its actual barrenness is screened. This vegetation multiplies into forests, jungles, morasses. All of these are but decorations and festoons which hide the fact that the planet is nevertheless, a smooth billiard-ball, forever rotating in eternal emptiness.

If we could halt ourselves off in that eternal emptiness and inspect this cluster of rotating balls, we would doubtless exclaim: "So that's the universe over which the creatures within it make such a pother! Just a cluster of free-moving balls, going nowhere because there is nowhere to go—except the course of their circular orbits! What a business to get excited about! If a boy took a great handful of marbles from his pocket, and tossed them high in the air, and conditions were such that they did not fall to the ground but stayed in the air forever, we should have the whole universe on a minute scale."

Grasping this picture of the universe, and wondering why anybody should get particularly excited about it, seeing that it exists "nowhere" that is capable of being located excepting by the spherical units composing it, we turn to another concept. . . .

CONSIDERING the size or iron-granite bulk of any one of these billiard-balls, Man is an infinitesimal upright-walking insect who confines himself to the surface of one of the balls known as Earth.

The sun has made temperatures, and the temperatures have made winds, and the winds have made erosions, and the erosions have made soil; and the soil has permitted vegetation to grow and festoon the surface of the billiard-ball known as Earth so that the human minutiae upon it forget in their scurrying to and fro that they are confined nevertheless to the surface of a ball rotating eternally in emptiness.

The strange part of all this human minutiae is that each one is so wrapped up and concerned in his own personal experiences, as he scurries in and out amid the vegetation-festoons and breeds this and that antagonism with the microscopic creatures like him, that he really doesn't care that he is playing his role upon a rotating ball in eternal emptiness.

Truly, his own consciousness—or sense of being alive and performing—is everything to him. Even his condition in eternal emptiness is secondary in importance to this sense of being alive, self-motivating, and organically performing.

He does not know generally, that this sense of self-realization is something that doesn't perish, no matter what happens to the instrument by which he gets his effects. If one instrument is smashed, or becomes worn out, this sense of self-realization moves out of it and awaits its chance to get into another instrumentality as it is produced by copulation of the male and female of his species.

It is a condition of his sense of self-realization, that he must consider his career in the one instrument, or the organism he utilizes at the moment of such consideration, as the only career that he will ever know. This makes for a desperate sincerity in pursuing the career in the current instrument.

If it were generally known and accredited that self-realization is perpetual and non-extinguishable, the consciousness might become indolent or lethargic and say, "Why try to exert myself for perpetuation of my species, advancement of mortal principle, or social improvement? As I live forever, anyhow, and have selection of tens of thousands of instruments and organisms in future, self-effort in any one of them—to approximate the condition known as Personal Achievement—is an expensive silliness." So it is presumed

that one span of consciousness, in one organism, is all that is to be allotted, and therefore the "human" spirit is galvanized to make the most of it.

Therefore, generation upon generation, age upon age, aeon upon aeon, these human minutiae experience all the geographical and social predicaments that the planet billiard-ball is capable of presenting.

The day comes when this functioning of Consciousness, or self-realization, alters. . . .

Scurrying hither and yon on the surface of an endlessly-rotating billiard-ball suspended in emptiness, is perceived for what it is.

"I've gained all the self-realization adroitness that it is possible for me to gain as a creature of environment," it decides—meaning a self-motivating Thing meeting objectively with adventures on the billiard-ball's outer surface, furnished, equipped, and festooned with an infinite variety of insensate or material objects. "In the next octave of my self-performance I'm going to be the subjective Field of Force that makes contribution to the variety of exhibits in the materialistic museum that is the Universe."

It is not a change of habitat for the Consciousness.

It is a change in nature!

OF COURSE, ordinary men and women, going about their three-meal-a-day affairs in this localized world, have a difficult time sensing what such a change in the nature of Consciousness means. As aforesaid, they cry to themselves: "What an insufferable existence, to stay in one place and never make one physical motion throughout all Eternity!" They are so accustomed to movement of their physical vehicles' being Life, that anything else stacks up as death. They do not sense, because it is too fine a point in thinking, that even at the present moment, while enhoused in physical bodies, their sentient spirits are not of themselves moving; they are staying in one place within the bodily enhousement and it is the bodily enhousement that undergoes the phenomenon of Movement in a three-dimensional world. They do not sense, either, that granted they get a sense of spiritual movement by being enhoused in a body that moves, they still are going nowhere insofar as their terrestrial universe is concerned.

If they could transport their observing minds off to a geometrical point in free Space and discern the billiard-ball universe in the manner previously implied, they would simply see the cluster of balls rising and falling, rising and falling, rising and falling—always falling only to rise again. The universe would appear precisely like the balls in the hands of the competent juggler in vaudeville. No matter what angle such a discarnate person observed the billiard-ball universe from, the orbits of the stars, suns, and planets would simply be a rising and falling, or swinging in a circle. But regarded abstractly as a whole, the cluster as a cluster would be motionless. It would be going nowhere, because there is nowhere for it to go. The whole composition would be mere spherical energy, exhibiting in eternal and measureless Nothingness. And right at that point, the thinking of the material physicist stops and the thinking of the metaphysician begins.

Where is this Eternal Nothingness, in which the billiard-ball universe exists suspended with nothing to mark its beginning or end?

When we try to think of the proposition that it cannot be located outside of itself, we come to the proposition that after all, it is only a sort of mental concept in Divine Consciousness. And that is precisely what our Mentors from Loftier Octaves try to tell us that it is!

On the other hand, the nearer we move in toward the billiard-ball cluster, pass through it with the moving balls all about us, and finally come to rest on the planet Earth—all illusions of abstraction have gone, and, as we so often put it, materiality has become so terribly

real that being divorced from it, even for the period between the physical enhousements, fills the spirit-soul with a sort of terror.

The secret of this terror is, that any detachment from such reality seems to lose the spirit-soul a sense of its own identity, or rather, it loses the standards by which it commonly preserves its sense of Self-Awareness!

It doesn't grasp that there should be constant periods when the Spirit-soul should withdraw from materiality in order to preserve the standards by which it keeps its sense of spiritual identity as well. It doesn't see that spirit-soul is identified, not by what it does—in the material sense of motion—but by what it IS, or what capabilities of thinking it has developed through experiences with, and in, material forms.

When it is measuring by material standards, close in among the billiard-balls, or down upon the surface of one of them, it wants that condition to maintain permanently. Commonly this desire is called Self-Preservation. Yet such is its inconsistency, or confusion of erudition, that even with the desire to have the material standards maintain permanently, it fiercely fights the notion that after a time in the abstract spiritual status it will return unerringly to material and form to obtain more education.

We can only explain it by postulating that spirit-soul, like energy in Matter, tends to obey the law of movement in one direction, or maintenance of one condition, till stopped or diverted by some superior force.

We shall go into this deeper in a subsequent Lecture.

NINE out of ten people have an unhallowed fright at Death because from the start of their organic performance on this planet billiard-ball they have never understood either the character of Life or its purposes.

They have never had their attention called to the universe in perspective. ¶ They have let themselves become so completely enmeshed, smothered, or bewitched with the infinite materialisms of environment—the furnishings and festoonings hiding the original sterilities and barrenness of the billiard-ball's surface—that conscious existence becomes nothing in their thinking and considering, but the period of their frantic scurryings to and fro as organisms amid the furnishings and festoons.

In all of it there is similarity to a person's visiting the Museum of Natural History in New York City. He goes in at nine and comes out at five. Throughout the eight hours he wanders through hall after hall of natural specimens, past case after case of metal, mineral, and biological exhibits. "While I am among the exhibits, I am alive," says he, "because I view and examine them. But the moment I depart the museum I am dead, because I no longer view or examine them."

If we met such a person in current society, sincerely holding such ideas, we would term him psychopathic.

Yet those are precisely the ideas that millions of us hold in regard to the museum that is the cluster of planet billiard-balls rotating endlessly in eternal emptiness.

Suppose, to impress the notion further, the person in the New York Museum enjoyed himself fairly comfortably up till three o'clock. Thereafter, as the hands of the clock moved around toward four, suppose he began to exhibit uneasiness. As the clock-hands moved inexorably around the dial toward five—and closing-time—suppose that he became possessed of a frantic terror. Suppose that an observant attendant asked if he were ill. And suppose our person answered, "No, I'm frightened half sick at the prospect of what is due to happen to me when the clock-hands reach five. You see, I shall cease to exist the moment I can no longer wander through these rooms and examine the exhibits."

Would the attendant not be inclined to put in a call for an ambulance and guards?

Or perhaps he might argue with our person in this guise:

"I've seen you here every day for a month, have I not?"

"Yes, I've been here every day for a month. The first day that I

found the place and started looking at the exhibits was the date of my birth!"

"Oh, it was, was it? Yet something like thirty times you've seen the hands of the clock draw near museum closing-time, haven't you? You've gone out into the street and left the museum to be locked through the night. What I'm getting at is, you've never failed to return and resume your inspection of the exhibits, have you, when nine o'clock rolled around on each succeeding morning?"

"Yes, somehow or other I've always gotten back in here."

"Then you couldn't really have died at each closing-time, could you? Because if you'd truly died, how could you have been on hand to resume your inspection next morning?"

THE "death" which the human minutiae assume that they are called to "die" between each visitation to the museum that is the furnished and festooned surface of the suspended barren billiard-ball, is an interval for mere spiritual contemplation of what has been viewed or examined throughout the previous "day's" visit.

People who "fight the doctrine of earthly return," declaring that under no circumstances would they care to repeat on life's experiences, are truly saying: "Having visited for one celestial day the Egyptian Room of the museum, I've seen it all. Don't talk to me of going back and viewing all the rest of it!"

"Ah, but you haven't seen it all," some divine attendant might protest. "You've only seen the Egyptian Room. You haven't visited the Grecian Room, the Italian Room, the French Room, or some forty other rooms, all containing different wonders of exhibits. Until you've seen all that the museum holds, how can you decide whether you like it or not?"

"The rooms are all alike! Besides, in the Egyptian Room today there was a man who made faces at me, and a small boy who popped peanuts down my neck when I wasn't looking."

"But the rooms are not all alike! And besides, because a man makes faces at you and a small boy pops peanuts down your collar, that has little to do with your inspecting the whole museum as a museum, or the profit that is yours from beholding what's been gathered there."

"No, I've 'lived my life' in visiting the Egyptian Room. Because I've seen the exhibits in the Egyptian Room, I'm amply equipped to go

forth after closing time and lay claim to a knowledge of all wonders in Cosmos!"

"But you said previously that you were only alive when you were in the museum and examining its exhibits. You're terrified at the approach of five o'clock and dread the contemplative interval till nine tomorrow morning. Yet here you're now telling me that Life is the business of seeing only the Egyptian Room. I'm declaring to you that the phase of consciousness known as mortality doesn't truly terminate till you've visited ALL the rooms and become intimately acquainted with every exhibit that's available!"

There is sense in this analogy.

If the truth could only be known, the conventional Fear of Death is not half so much discomfiture over the prospect of being turned out into the street of the universe to await the reopening of the mortal museum in the morning of a fresh life, as it is a colossal self-pity over the presentiment that mayhap all the energy one has put forth to arrive at, and spend the life-day inspecting, the Egyptian or Italian or French or American Room of the planet-museum, has been wasted. One has not seen all the things that existed to be seen, even in the Egyptian Room; so the desire for self-preservation is a mania, that the inspection may be thorough and complete.

Think it over!

Whenever the complications and quandaries of life pile up till they seem to be unbearable, withdraw off in space hypothetically and look at the universe as a cluster of planet billiard-balls, rotating in eternal emptiness, every ball a museum. The manner of the personal going-out and coming-in to such museum is not of consequence.

What IS of consequence is the fact that graduation from the billiard-ball status of located Consciousness is not the procedure till intimacy with all the Rooms and exhibits in the planet-museum is complete.

Then comes the next phase, or octave, of Consciousness:—

Constructing museums, subjectively, in one's own right, because the functioning of the consciousness has altered.

EARTH-LIFE, as men and women during this coming Aquarian Age may finally grasp the true import of it, does not mean one brief incursion into one body—or as our recent metaphor had it, a one-day visit to one of the rooms of the mundane museum—and then a passing on to higher qualities or functions of Consciousness.

Earth-Life means the objective consciousness which endures and exercises while the spirit employs itself in any form amid the cluster of the planet billiard-balls, and during the interval in eternal Time that it spends in viewing the exhibits objectively in ALL of the rooms of this mundane museum.

To lose one's organism for a time and not be able to exert a mental-muscular effort on materials, truly means no more than withdrawing into the upper chamber of an earthly house, disrobing to the birth-suit, and donning a different array of garments.

True, there is a period of nakedness between the putting off of the first costume and the putting on of the second. But no one is so foolish as to argue that self-awareness ceases because the body is naked. And the same should be said for the soul! Neither does anyone fear loss of identity to his fellows or relatives because he disappears into the chamber in one costume and comes forth clad in another.

Earth-Life, by the same token, might be termed the period of spirit-confinement among the billiard-ball cluster of the planetary universe and during which time all the different costumes of bodies, species, and races, are worn as suits of clothes.

And pulling the Mind off to a geometrical point in Eternal Emptiness and viewing the ensemble of materiality from the objective viewpoint, does give the seemingly poignant enigmas of mortality the aspects of relieving silliness.

To understand life in order to discard fear of death, one must understand that the Creator had to project the original billiard-ball cluster in order that the human minutiae might learn to grasp what objectivity was in the first place.

None of us could enter the creative-subjective phase of Reality without knowing what it means for Consciousness to function as a thing APART from materials.

Is the thought prodigious, and not a little monstrous?

If it means very little to you now, don't worry about it, for as addi-

tional experience and study brings greater awareness, you will grasp it all as easily as you did your "A B C's"!

NOW pulling the Mind off to a point in Eternal Emptiness not only gives many of the present enigmas of mortality the aspects of silliness but it means to the true philosopher and seeker after wisdom, that his thinking about the materiality and composition of the universe undergoes radical alteration. Pulling the Mind off to a point in Eternal Emptiness would present a universe that mortal intelligence—in its present state of unfoldment and development—probably couldn't recognize. The human mind, in other words, couldn't know where it was, or what its condition was. Therefore—queer as the proposition may strike you for the moment—it wouldn't altogether know what it was, itself! Do you think this reads absurdly? You won't in a moment when I give you a suggestion of the physics of the thing.

As aforesaid, we get our ideas of what we are, as men and women—or freely-deciding spirits each enhoused in a physical mechanism—because of the comparisons we make with environment and the objects and furnishings thereof, in which we have found ourselves since birth. We get these ideas through the spiritual reactions from our physical senses as those physical senses receive in turn the effects from some sort of collision with the furnishings and objects of such environment.

In the primordial state of Spirit we have Consciousness, true. But it is Consciousness that is capable of recognitions when, as, and if it enters into an area where materials or objects exist. These recognitions make Spirit aware of the literality of such materials, and when they have taken pattern, Spirit is likewise aware of their peculiarities of form—which it describes as objects.

But never forget throughout this whole course of instruction that whereas Consciousness is capable of recognitions of materials and objects when, as, and if it enters into an area where they abound, the real effect of the recognitions is the surprised realization that such Spirit is a separate entity, viewing them!

In this simple proposition, we might say, we have the real "Why?" of the universe, and the reasons for its celestial bodies—as will later be expounded.

This raises the question: Was the universe made for Man, or Man for the universe?

There is a great caste of devout folk—whose sentiments in the matter can by no means be disregarded—who claim that any contention of the universe's being made particularly for Man's residence and profit is both bombastic and impious. Knowing something of the fundamentals of Astronomy, they declare that it is well-nigh absurd to think of the starry universe in its immensity, as being brought into existence for so puny and insignificant an entity as Man.

What such good folk are overlooking, is a correct interpretation of what Man is himself. They accept that Man is the physical minutia that they perceive running to and fro on the surface of this particular planet at present. If they once got it through their heads that Man in his physical organism is one thing, and that Man in his spiritual potentialities and fecundities is quite another, they might regard the hypothesis that the universe is made for its occupants and residents, as less bombastic than they dream.

The new concepts are, that Man is merely Spirit in a peculiar primary state of Form-Recognitions, through which, or by means of which, he slowly but inexorably attains to colossal unfoldment. Of course, as he attains to such colossal unfoldment, he ceases being Man as the world now regards him. We may safely leave this phase of discussion to another time and lecture.

Consciousness, I said, is capable of recognitions of materials and objects—a term meaning Environment—when it has moved in amongst them and commenced to receive a bombardment of reactions, or experience a series of collisions, from and with them.

The instant that such Consciousness gives the slightest sign of taking note that such things are happening, or moves in the slightest degree to counteract the effects of them, we say that Consciousness is "functioning!"

Here again, is a stupendously important point!

Thousands of people, becoming introduced to Basic Wisdom in its metapsychical aspects, are prone to cry: "You speak of Consciousness and Functioning Consciousness. But wherein can there be a difference? How can you possibly have Consciousness without its being somehow in a state of functioning? If it isn't functioning, how can it be Consciousness?"

We have to answer these pupils: "You went to sleep last night, didn't you? The act of Going to Sleep was one of losing recognition of environment and the materials and objects that went to make it up. You slept for eight hours. This morning you 'awakened.' That is

to say, you resumed recognition of the materials and objects of environment. Now you probably wouldn't be so bold as to say that while you were asleep last night, you were actually dead! You did not die last night when you fell asleep, and return to life this morning when you awakened. So therefore, in some form or other, you must have been conscious in the interim. But it was not a state of Functioning Consciousness." Some psychologists would term it Focused Consciousness, but I hope to prove to you that Focused Consciousness can be quite something else, in explaining later the difference between the Sub-Conscious and Ab-Conscious.

An easy way to think of ourselves as we were on coming into the planetary universe as primordial spirit, is to imagine that all of us were indeed alive but in a state of Original Sleep. Entering into environments of planetary materials and forms, each of us gradually "awakened" to a sense of form and substance. And as we awakened to a sense of form and substance, we likewise awakened to a sense of our own identities. Consciousness, in other words, "functioned," and insofar as the earth-world was concerned, we became "living souls." ❡ The illustration or metaphor is crude at the moment, but let it serve till we bring up a better.

I SAID that if Mind were capable of transporting itself off to a geometric point in Eternal Emptiness—where it could regard the physical universe objectively—that it wouldn't know where or what it was. But there would be still another reason why it wouldn't know. Granted that Mind carried with it for such an errand of inspection, all its sensory attributes, the nature of the physical universe is such that Mind simply couldn't function in recognitions off at such a point. Granted that Mind could make the hypothetical trip to a detached point in Absolute Space, item number one of its circumscriptions would be, that it couldn't SEE! Understand now, I'm not referring to the blindness that might come by reason of not having physical eyeballs to see WITH. We're looking for the moment at Nature's end of the equation.

Mind at a geometrical point in Free Space that was absolute, would be unable to realize its objectivity to the universe or that the universe was off there in a billiard-ball cluster a couple of hundred trillion miles to the northwest—because no Light would reach it from that universe, to identify it as to pattern or location, in a form that Mind

could admit. Light only becomes recognizable—takes the incandescent appearance, that is!—when it has some sort of physical surface to strike, and become diffused.

The incandescence which man in his earthly state calls Light, is a sort of etheric-thought vibration that travels forth from its causation-point, in what physicists describe as waves. But we must remember that these waves are but Motion—or, to use the more scientific term again, Energy! They are as invisible as the radio waves carrying the music of a jazz-orchestra into your home in the evening, unless they can collide with the dust motes in atmosphere. In this collision the miracle of Diffusion is performed. But here again we are up against enigmas. Diffusion only means that having collided with motes in atmospheric dust, they are thereby rendered into a form that makes them intelligible for a second collision: on the retina of the physical eyeball. In the instant of this second collision, Functioning Consciousness picks them up, or transfers their phenomena to the brain and thence to Mind.

Mind thereupon exclaims: "Light!" It thinks it is recognizing incandescence objectively. Really, it is exclaiming: "I am aware that I exist, in that I can perceive the phenomena of the etheric-thought waves in their peculiarities of performance!"

Never for an instant forget that in all types of collisions and reactions which Mind is encountering throughout the whole universe, it is first and foremost thinking in terms of identification of Itself!

Such point being registered, we can reason backwards in this fashion: "For me to know myself, I must have the receptive organism to know when etheric-thought waves are coming in along the optic nerves from the retina of my eye. For the etheric-thought waves to come in along such optic nerves, they must impinge on retina. For them to impinge on retina, they must become diffused by collision with dust motes. For such dust motes to exist and receive such diffusing impacts, there must be atmosphere for them to hang in. At a point in absolute free space there would be no atmosphere, hence no dust motes, hence no collision with the etheric-thought waves, hence no phenomena that could be recognized as incandescence, hence no identifications of the marvel known as Light, hence no identification of the distant billiard-ball universe."

Mind outside of atomic conditions then, would find itself in Absolute Dark.

And Absolute Dark is darkness beyond concept.

NO, the human mind has to move in among the stars, suns, constellations, planets, and asteroids, to get any formal approximation of what the universe of celestial or heavenly bodies is like. And it has to view them from the environment of some sort of atmosphere holding dust motes. Otherwise it is in Stygian Dark, and for all intents and purposes might as well be suspended like Mohammed's Coffin in the center of some earthly bank-vault at midnight.

To arrive therefore, at a concept or idea of what it would mean to Consciousness not to have any universe of heavenly bodies on—or in—which to exist and perform, we might ask ourselves what sort of individual would result, who happened to be born inside a sealed bank-vault, or deep underground where no form of incandescence of any sort ever penetrated, and although possessed of all his senses otherwise, had to grow to maturity in such surroundings. True, he might gain to a sense of materials by touch, but what he gained would only be concepts of the steel sides of the vault or of the basalt walls of the underground cavity. To such an individual, the world would simply mean so many square feet of smooth metal or rough rock in any one of four directions. And he would be prepared to fight you, or at least call you an imbecile, if you informed him that the world in any aspect was otherwise.

It is after the nature of Consciousness to conceive of reality according to the pattern of its sensations in contacting materials or forms of substance. And Functioning Consciousness never exceeds in any particular, the particulars of the materials or forms of substance with which it has had sensory contact.

To put it in another way, there is nothing in your mind—nor can there ever be anything go into your mind—unless it arrives there by the prior process of contacting it sensorily or externally, either to the moment in this present earthly career, or in careers of the past which you recall in the pattern of memories or instincts.

The universe consists of planets, in our particular case, because planetary bodies provide the stage on which all environments may be set, by which primordial Consciousness gradually evolves through experiencings into Functioning Consciousness.

Spirit attains to Functioning Consciousness by having careers in environments provided by materials and patterns of substances known as objects. And, incidentally, this seems a good place to interject the thought—or rather, the explanation—that when we speak of "old"

souls or "young" souls, we mean lengths of time over which given Spirit Particles have been thus awakening to a sense of themselves in such environments and patterns of substances.

Consciousness as a primordial form of spiritual expression is eternal —meaning endless both ways from the present. But new particles of Spirit, proceeding out of it to gain proficiency in self-awareness, are entering into the formal worlds and the substance-environments, all the while. If this were not so, then the whole universe, spiritually as well as radioactively considered, would run down. And it is not running down. Science declares that it is speeding up, or ever-expanding and ever-increasing!

HYPOTHETICALLY, however, for purposes of gaining to this Great Intelligence about the purposes of Substance and form in Matter, let us try to get a notion of the immensity of the universe and the nature of its composition, by assuming that we do move in among the billiard-balls and have atmosphere provided us, so that etheric-thought waves reaching our locality may give us identification points, or markers, for planetary incandescence. Further, let us assume that we move in among the billiard-balls to the exact point in Space that is now occupied by our earth, in the heart of our solar system. But suppose we conceive of this mighty thing happening: ℂ Suppose we conceive that having arrived squarely at the geometrical point in intersellar space—or space that is located in the center of the star-clusters—that is now featured by our Earth, a titanic cataclysm suddenly yanks the Earth out from under us and converts it to a gas that can neither be seen, smelled, touched, nor tasted. Suppose we conceive that this gas passes off into interstellar space without injuring us in the slightest, but lets our atmosphere remain behind. In other words, for purposes of getting across an idea, suppose that in the twinkling of an eye the earth as a material-globe suddenly vanished but left us suspended in the midst of its incandescence-making atmosphere, exactly where it had been.

How then, would the universe appear to us?

The result should not be difficult to conceive. We go out under the skies on a clear autumn evening and see the vast vault of the starry heavens suspended above our heads. It has the appearance of a gigantic blue bowl turned upside down, with the heavenly bodies tacked here and there on the surface of the inside. But it only appears

to be an inverted bowl to us because we are standing on a flat plane intersecting this horizontalized half-sphere of sky.

If the earth-planet were to be suddenly yanked from beneath our feet, leaving us suspended in its envelope of atmosphere where it had been a moment before, there would be no bowl-effects—turned upside down, right side up, or any other way.

We should simply be suspended in Great Space, and all about us, no matter in which direction we looked, we should see the immovable fireflies of stars, suns, planets, and asteroids. We too, in such a plight, would be but entities in free Space—suspended in Nothingness, or No-Thingness—and fated to remain there throughout all eternal time.

How far away from each other the immovable fireflies might be, we should have small means of knowing. We should have nothing by which to measure them, for we should have nothing with which to compare them.

Always recall that measurement is but compare-ment. We get the length of a thing by comparing it with the length of a foot-rule, a yard-stick, or a distance of terrain that is accepted scientifically as being a Mile.

Those immovable fireflies—or billiard-balls, as you prefer—might be tiny candle-flares twinkling a quarter-mile away, or they might be heavenly bodies a thousand times more powerful than our sun but set so far distant that they seem but candle-flares.

If we should ask ourselves how thickly they are likewise suspended in free Space, again we should be at a loss, because we should have naught with which to compare the space that we would measure as to contents.

A planet, like Earth, therefore, is again absolutely essential to Consciousness in order that it may arrive at estimates of measures and distances. Without it we should be as much at a loss for the performance of thinking as we now are when our geometry teacher says: "I put here a point in free space. Where is it?" At once you as pupil demand: "But I must have some other point, or points, by which to locate it!" Lacking any such points, no location can be arrived at, therefore there is no such thing as one point and none other in free Space. It would be unthinkable because it couldn't be located.

We locate the sun, the moon, the various stars and constellations, at the present time, because we determine their positions in relation to Earth. With Earth snatched away, we are utterly at a loss to tell

where these heavenly bodies are, excepting as we perceive their relationships to each other. Even so, the actual distances mean nothing. Is the sun a mere fiery billiard-ball or orange, with the earth as a planet a mere pea forty feet away? Or shall we say that the sun and earth are 92 million miles apart and containing their present relationships of mass?

Today, having an earth-planet twenty-six thousand miles or so around its circumference, we thus have a measuring stick. We likewise, as persons dwelling upon its outer surface, have an average height of five feet and seven inches and an average weight of 150 pounds. So again we take those measurements as standards—at least in our subconscious thinking. How big is a thing? Or, how small is a thing? Well, how much larger or heavier is it than the height or weight of our physical bodies? Or how much shorter or lighter is it than the height or weight of our physical bodies?

So it doesn't make the slightest difference to Consciousness in its expansion of function, whether a planet or a universe is great or small. Everything is reckoned in proportion to the mass or the size of the individuals doing the perceiving.

Asking ourselves—with such thoughts in mind—how thickly the heavenly bodies are strewn throughout free Space, we do get an answer. But it has to be an answer that uses the earth-planet for a measure-stick. So we get this—and it is scientifically accurate—

Suppose you subtract a sphere out of universal Space—or isolate it—that is the exact size of the planet Earth. Use that for your Space-measure. Or to put it another way: suppose that our planet Earth were hollow in its inside and consisted only of a great glass shell, some eight thousand miles in diameter.

Well, free interstellar Space is populated with planets to an extent comparable with twenty tennis-balls floating around promiscuously in the interior of such glass vessel!

And I mean tennis-balls—of the same size that you use on your tennis-court on Saturday half-holidays.

Twenty of them!

In a glass shell as big as the present planet on which you are confined so long as you are housed in mortal organism!

THEY seem big to us—those heavenly bodies—when we think of such a star as Betelgeuse as being big enough to fill the whole inside of the earth's orbit around the sun in a year. Yet if Distance to Mass were figured proportionately, they would be no bigger than tennis-balls, twenty of them, to a spherical space as gigantic as the size of Earth! And according to the latest findings of astronomers, much the same ratio persists throughout the whole celestial system. It is even more than 99 percent Space!

In other words the percentage of coagulated or solid substance throughout the entire known universe, is the same as maintains between twenty tennis balls and the planet that since last night at six o'clock has traveled some twenty thousand miles about Old Sol!

The miracle of the universe therefore, is not that so much Space maintains, but that coagulated substance has ever appeared within it at all.

By the fact that coagulated substance—projected in forms and patterns to give material environment—appeared in this immensity of free Space at all, we have a universe, and a planet peculiar to ourselves, and mileage in two dimensions over the top side of its convex surface. And this, obviously, was all that Spirit needed, to serve as a stage for infinite splittings and dividings of Itself, and the careers of such Particles in designs of materials, making for Functioning Consciousness!

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